

The Choleric Fathers. 7

A

COMIC OPERA.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

D U B L I N :

Printed by JOHN EXSHAW, for the Company of Booksellers, M DCC LXXXVI.

The Choice of the People

COMIC OPERA

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

COVERED



BY THOMAS HOBSON

Printed by JOHN LUSHAM, at the
Print of the Bodleian, in the
University of Oxford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Julio Pimiento,	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Don Salvador,	-	-	Mr. WILSON.
Don Fernando,	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Don Fabricio,	-	-	Mr. PALMER.
Don Velasco,	-	-	Mr. THOMPSON.
Fabio,	-	-	Mr. WEWITZER.
Pedro,	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Alguazil,	-	-	Mr. GARDNER.
Footman to Isabel	-	-	Mr. HELME.
Footmen to Don Pimiento	-	-	Mr. SWORDS, Mr. NEWTON, Mr. LEDGER, Mr. BATES.

SERENADE, ARCHERS, CHORUS.

Donna Zelida,	-	-	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Jaquelina,	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.
Donna Isabel,	-	-	Mrs. MORETON.
Laura,	-	-	Mrs. KENNEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Passages between inverted Commas, are necessarily omitted in Representation. The third Song in the third Act is written by a Friend of the Author's, and two others have before appeared in Print.

SERENADE, ARCHERS, CHORUS.

Mrs. BARNISTER.	-	-	-	Donna Zella.
Mrs. MARTIN.	-	-	-	Indulgent.
Mrs. MORRISON.	-	-	-	Thomas Isabel.
Mrs. KENNEDY.	-	-	-	Laura.

THE
CHOLERIC FATHERS.

A
COMIC OPERA.

ACT I,

SCENE I.

*After the OVERTURE, the Curtain rises and discovers
a grand Serenade before the House of Don Julio
Pimiento, and under Donna Zelida's window.*

SERENADE.

THOU restless God that lov'st to hold
Thy vigils where Zelida dwells,
With peaceful sleep the fair enfold;
From starts and tremors, charms and spells,
From goblin, guard her, elf and sprite,
Which prying haunt defenceless night
With eye too free and hand too bold,

B

Oh

2 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS.

Oh happy! happy! let her dream
Of some most sweet celestial theme,
While Sylphs glide smiling by, and starry meteors
gleam.

With music charm her ravish'd ears,
Such and so heav'nly as the spheres
Of old to wond'ring sages play'd:
These varied joys, oh love, decree,
Worthy her and worthy thee,
To nightly sooth th' angelic maid.

The Musicians retire, and Jaqueline enters from the street door.

Jaq. Well this is charming! This serenading, and these raptures and love—I do believe all the young Dons in Madrid are dying for my mistress—Such sweet music, and every night and all night long the same—one goes to sleep so happy, and has such delightful dreams!—

Enter Fabio on the opposite side.

Fab. Ah, my sweet and gentle chambermaid! Of all persons in the world, you are the very person I was the most desirous to see.

Jaq. Why then, my most spruce and politic serving-man, you have only to open your eyes—And having seen, pray what is the nature of your very pressing business?

Fab. An embassy of high import: I am Love's plenipotent. Here is a letter from my master to your mistress: I don't know the contents; but I am sure they must be delicious. Are not you of my opinion? [*Gives her the letter in one hand, and money in the other.*]

Jaq. Hum! partly.

Fab. Oh, Don Fernando writes in a very masterly stile on these occasions.

Jaq. Pretty well, pretty well; but do you know that I was myself coming in search of that sweet face of your's?

Fab. Indeed! and what say you to my face?

Jaq.

Jaq. Hum! I cannot say much in its praise.

Fab. Nor *much* in its dispraise, I flatter myself.

Jaq. You do indeed—but go, run away with your face as fast you can, and tell your master Don Fernando to wheedle his father into a good humour, and bring him here as quick as possible, for that our old Don is at present disposed to treat with him concerning this said marriage of their children.

Fab. (*rubbing his hands, and exceedingly pleased*) Is he?

Jaq. He is a good deal alarmed at our nightly concerts, and wishes to see Zelida safely married.

Fab. Good!

Jaq. Overtures have been made by Don Velasco in behalf of his son Don Fabricio; but in consideration of my mistress's preference of your master, of his father's great wealth, and of the still greater pains I have taken to persuade him in favor of Don Fernando, why—

Fab. We shall carry the day, hey?

Jaq. Perhaps—You know the grudge these two tetchy old fathers bear one another—they are for ever disputing, sonder of their opinions than they are of their children, and your master has no occasion to be told how necessary caution and expedition will be in this business.

Fab. My dear delicate little dormouse, your voice is sweeter than the nightingale's, and your words more reviving than cherry-brandy. This intelligence will be worth a quarter's wages to me at least; but you are a divine little Angel, that's the truth.

Jaq. Do you think so?

Fab. I'll swear it.—Oh, *apropos*, my dear Jaquelina, I had almost forgot to tell you how devilishly I am in love with you.

Jaq. Are you?

Fab. Desperately! I thought to have mentioned it the last time I saw you, but some how or other the thing escaped my memory—Indeed, one has so many affairs on hand, one cannot think of every thing; I recollected it before I had got a dozen yards from the door, but then

it was too late: so I tied a knot in my handkerchief, as you see, to remind me the next time I met you.

Fab. By a long intercourse with people of fashion.

Fab. Upon my honor, my dear, I believe you are right; footmen and kept-mistresses lead the *ton*.

Fab. You'll remember what I have said to you.

Jaq. I'll tie a knot in my handkerchief.

Fab. Ay, do, do.

I'll certainly do my endeavor.

Dear Sir,

To remember your handkerchief favor,

Dear Sir :

I shan't want the wit to get out of your debt,

Nor can I forget

That you're most prodigiously clever,

Dear Sir,

II.

Your shape, air, and gait, are so striking,

Dear Sir :

What damsel but must take a liking,

Dear Sir !

Turn about, Sir; look there! how genteel, debonnaire;

Well, I vow and declare!

Oh dear, you're prodigiously striking.

Dear Sir,

[Exit.
Fab.]

A COMIC OPERA.

5

Fab. Now will I go in search of——who have we here?

Enter Pedro, singing.

My quondam comrade, Pedro!

Ped. The same.

Fab. Still, one of us I see.—And how has fortune behaved to thee since I saw thee last?

Ped. As she generally behaves to men of merit—very ill.

Fab. True—I am a living proof of her injustice.—Had she treated me according to my deserts—

Ped. Thou hadst been hang'd long ago.

Fab. What, still aiming at wit—wilt thou never learn a little common sense? The way to thrive, is, not to persuade thyself, but others, that they are witty.—What hast thou got in that brown paper parcel?

Ped. My whole estate, real and personal.

Fab. [*Laughing.*] What, all?

Ped. All; these few reals excepted [*holding out his band*] with which I am going to purchase——

Fab. What?

Ped. A good lining—

Fab. To a bad outside.

Ped. No matter for that.—He that wants me, may find me, any time these two hours, at the three Jolly Friars.

Fab. What, thou art in want of a place?

Ped. Why no; don't I tell thee I have not spent all my money?

Fab. It's a great pity my master has got Don Pimiento's consent to marry his daughter. Thou hast an excellent turn for intrigue, and I might have helped thee to employment.

Ped. Ay, it's a damn'd shame fathers should be so reasonable and compliant—But no matter—I defy Fortune with all her crew of obstinate relations, called Fates and Destinies—When one spoke of the wheel is up, another must be down—The road of life is very hilly—full of ups and downs.

B 3

S O N G.

6 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

S O N G.

Of ups and downs we daily see
 Examples most surprising!
 The High and Low, of each degree,
 Now falling are, now rising:
 Some up, some down, some in, some out;
 Some neither one nor t'other:
 Knaves, Fools, Jews, Gentiles, join the rout
 And jostle one another;
 With my heigho!
 Gee-up! gee-ho!
 Higgedly piggedly!
 Truth, Honour, Honesty!
 Trim tram!
 Your Honesty's scarce,
 Honour's grown a meer farce,
 And poor Truth! baw! an obsolete Whim-wham.

I.

By ups and downs some folks, they say,
 Among grandees have got, fir;
 Altho' they were but yesterday
 The Lord knows who, or what, fir!
Sans sense, or pence, in Merit's chair
 They doze and dream supine-o!
 But how the devil they came there—
 That neither you nor I know.
 With my heigho! &c.

III.

Your country maid comes up to town,
 A simple, aukward body,
 In half a year again goes down,
 No peacock half so gaudy!
 Lord ma'am! exclaims the lawyer's wife,
 With scandal ever ready,
 You see the ups and downs of life
 Have made our Meg a lady!
 With my heigho! &c.

A COMIC OPERA.

7

IV.

Virtue and Vanity lately are grown
Mere buckets in a well, sir;
The last gets up, the first gets down,
As all the world can tell, sir.
So many downs poor Virtue meets,
Her ups so very few, sir,
'Tis said she's naked met i'th' streets,
But that is nothing new, sir,
With my heigho! &c.

V.

Oh! what an age of ups and downs!
Hey! seven's the main, my lord thrice knocks,
And lands and liberties, manors and towns
Are rattling in the dice-box!
Up fly the fools! on ruin bent,
While they are full in feather;
Get pluck'd, then rumbling down are sent
Whoop! pell-mell! all together.
With my heigho! &c.

[Exit.]

Enter Fernando, and his Father Don Salvador.

D. Fer. (to his father.) Be certain, sir, your compliance in this particular would ensure my everlasting gratitude.

D. Sal. But I tell you Don Pimiento is a passionate, positive, captious——

D. Fer. Nay, but hear me, sir.

D. Sal. A pretended Philosopher! A head so full of whims! So tenacious of his opinions——I hate to see any man tenacious of his opinions——No, no; I am fully convinced he is a weak, silly, wrong-headed old Lord, and I am certain all the arguments in the world will never persuade me to the contrary.

[During this speech, Fabio takes Fernando up the Stage and whispers him.]

D. Fer.

8 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

D. Fer. My dear father, I have just received a message from Donna Zelida. She informs me, her father is consenting to our union, and wishes to see both you and me. Surely, sir, you will not refuse——

D. Sal. Don Pimiento wishes to see me, you say?

D. Fer. Yes, sir.

D. Sal. Well, well; that being the case, I can have no objection to the daughter.

[Exeunt into the house of Don Julio Pimiento.]

SCENE changes to the museum of Don Julio Pimiento.

Zelida in a morning dress, and Jaquelina meeting.

Donna Zel. Return'd so soon, Jaquelina!

Jaq. I met Don Fernando's man, Fabio, at the door, madam, he gave me this.

[Delivering a letter, which Zelida opens and hastily reads.]

Donna Zel. Um—um—Well!—Um—um—um—um—very well!—But did you deliver my message?

Jaq. Oh, yes, madam, and you need not doubt but Don Fernando will soon be here.

Donna Zel. I need not question his love and diligence. I am certain of his affection and sincerity; or, whatever it might cost me, I would not indulge the sweet sensations, the raptures I feel at his remembrance.

Jaq. Why, to be sure, madam, love—love is a most delicious thing—And tho' these men fellows are sometimes in their airs, and are proud and cross, and unconstant; yet they are sometimes so loving, and so sweet, and so fond, that one cannot help liking them with all their faults.

Donna Zel. This kind compliance of my father, to our union, will make me love him, if possible, better than ever. *(Sighs.)*

Jaq. But why, madam, sorry or pleas'd, vex'd or glad, do you always sigh?

Donna Zel. A sigh, Jaquelina, is the constant and first effusion of a feeling heart.

SONG.

S O N G.

When adverse to love we stern destiny find,
 And our pangs have no hope of relief,
 Despair haunts each thought, languor seizes the mind,
 And we sigh with th' excess of our grief.

Or when, by kind fortune, revers'd is our lot,
 And sorrows no longer annoy,
 Again the tear flows when the terror's forgot,
 And we sigh with th' excess of our joy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don Julio Pimiento and Fernando.

D. Fer. Your consent, sir, makes me the happiest of men; and my heart assures me I shall become the most affectionate, the most constant, the tenderest of husbands.

D. Pimi. I hope so; Zelida deserves the most affectionate and tenderest of husbands.

D. Fer. Deserves! Oh, yes, sir, she deserves more than the world has to give.

D. Pimi. Tho' I partly approve your transports, young gentleman, you must moderate your ecstasies. Let philosophy teach you to govern your passions.—I had once as much fire and rhodomontade as you, or any hot-brain'd Don in Spain. I was obliged to steal my wife, my Zelida's mother. I tried every kind of stratagem to get at her, but finding none of them were successful, I set fire to the house, and carried my mistress off thro' the midst of the flames.

D. Fer. Ay, sir, that was a lover's philosophy.

D. Pimi. But go and pay your mistress a morning visit: you have no objection, I suppose. Your father and I will settle preliminaries.

D. Fer. I am sure, sir, they will be to our satisfaction. (*With hesitation.*) But, excuse a lover's fear—Let me beg, let me conjure you, sir, to avoid every tendency to contradiction.

D. Pimi.

10 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

D. Pimi. Ay, ay : make yourself perfectly easy ; do not fear my discretion.

D. Fer. My father, sir, has his oddities——apt to laugh, yes every body allows him to possess noble sentiments, and a generous heart——

D. Pimi. I am as willing as any man to do justice to the good qualities of others—Don Salvador is a gentleman and a Spaniard.

D. Fer. Somewhat too passionate, I confess—And then—sir—your temper being——a little—hasty.

D. Pimi. Hasty ! I hasty !

D. Fer. That is—sir—having—a little—generous warmth in your temper.

D. Pimi. Warmth, young gentleman ! What do you mean by warmth ? No man has more philosophy—No man can be more cool, more candid, more open to conviction.

D. Fer. I own it, sir.

D. Pimi. (*Aside.*) Yes ; but he is damn'd loth to own it tho'.—As for your father, his positive obstinacy is become proverbial.

D. Fer. I allow, sir, he has a predilection for his own opinions. Let me therefore once more intreat—

D. Pim. 'Pshaw ! Don't I tell you, I am prepared to overlook his improprieties—These modest hints, this advice, so adroitly insinuated, is all superfluous to me, and should have been bestowed at home, upon your father.

D. Fer. Well, sir, I have your promise ; on that I will depend.

S O N G.

Around the spacious landscape rove,
The Naiad's haunt, the Triton's bed ;
Search ev'ry grot and ev'ry grove,
Where art and nature beauties shed,

Whate'er is rich, whate'er is rare,
Whate'er is worthiest to be known,
Collect from sea, from earth, and air,
From fossil, plant, or precious stone.

While

A COMIC OPERA. 11

While wonders then with wonders vie,
And latent miracles dispense;
While this attracts the raptur'd eye,
And that allures the ravish'd sense;

“Attentive, while the busy sage,
“Delighted, marks the boundless store,
“Exulting, swells the learn'd page
“With secrets, unobserv'd before.”

Oh come, in all thy native grace;
Zelida, come, and bless the view;
And ev'ry former wondrous trace
Shall vanish, like the morning dew. [Exit.]

Don Pimiento *alone.*

This is likely to be an important day. The marriage of my daughter, and the termination of my lawsuit with the house of Cordova!—If justice takes place, I cannot lose it—And yet I have my fears—The Count has great power at court—Yet, where right is so evident, they will not dare do wrong. *[Goes and seats himself at his library table, on which are various papers, mathematical instruments, crucibles, phials, &c.]*

Enter Don Salvador.

D. Sal. Good morning, Don Pimiento.

D. Pimi. Good morning, good morning, Don Salvador. I have lately made some very curious experiments, by which I find the ponderosity of light, or, to speak more philosophically, the levity of light is extreme! All Spain by no means contains a pound.

D. Sal. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

D. Pimi. What do you laugh at, Don Salvador? I say the experiment is a very curious experiment.

D. Sal. Who doubts it? Ha, ha, ha, ha!

D. Pimi.

12 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

D. Pimi. Then what do you laugh at, Don Salvador?

D. Sal. Laugh at? To think what a devilish dear commodity light is in England!—Well, here you are, like Noah in the ark, surrounded by all your birds, beasts, insects, and reptiles—Ha, ha, ha! Philosophy must be a plaguy expensive plaything.

D. Pimi. Plaything, sir! Plaything, Don Salvador! —“ Let me advise you as a friend, Don Salvador, “ whenever you speak of philosophy, to do it with “ more respect, lest you should incur reproof from the “ learned and the wise—Philosophy, Don Salvador, “ philosophy is a Being of a superior and divine nature; “ whose head is among the stars, her feet in the bot- “ tomless deep, and whose eyes penetrates matter, “ form, and infinite space, even to darkness and nonen- “ tity.”——[*As the Scene advances, the laugh of Don Salvador becomes and increases into a laugh of vexation restrained.*]

D. Sal. Ha, ha, ha! I always told you it was “ something monstrous —A divine nature! Philosophy, “ Sir, is a dissector of grubs, a painter of shadows—the “ was born in amazement with her mouth open, has “ fed upon maggots, and peers, and pores, till she fan- “ cies she finds miracles stuff’d in the cavity of a mite’s “ cranium, or hid in the hair of a flea’s foot.”

D. Pimi. Permit me to tell you, Don Salvador, philosophy is a thing totally beyond your comprehension.

D. Sal. [*half aside*] Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha! yes, and yours too.—Our present business, Don Pimiento, is the conclusion of our children’s marriage. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Pimi. It is so, it is so—and, as I have promised your son Don Fernando to be cautious, I shall take care to avoid all altercation.

D. Sal. Which promise, if kept, will redound very much to the honour of your understanding, Don Julio Pimiento. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Pimi. Do you mean to insinuate any thing to the discredit of my understanding, Don Salvador?

D. Sal. Ha, ha, ha! I insinuate nothing, Don Pimiento.

D. Pimi. Or, that I am not circumspect in my conduct?

D. Sal.

D. Sal. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Pimi. Sir, I affirm no man is less captious.

D. Sal. You are a very worthy gentleman, Don Pimiento, but very choleric. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Pimi. Choleric!—I choleric!

D. Sal. Were you as dispassionate, as ready to listen to reason as I am—

D. Pimi. You!—dispassionate!

D. Sal. I.

D. Pimi. Tow dipp'd in tar, will not catch fire so suddenly, or blaze out so furiously.—Oil, brandy, and Phlogiston are not so inflammable.—

D. Sal. Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha!—You are describing yourself, Don Pimiento, not me.—My temper, like a deep stream, flows on smooth and unruffled.

D. Pimi. Smooth! You, Don Salvador! Flow!—Pardon me, but yours is an electric fluid, all flame!—However, be under no constraint; emit your sparks; discharge yourself; I am a philosopher, and do not fear a shock.—Be you as captious as you please; I shall be cool! cautiously cool.

D. Sal. Ha, ha, ha! I perceive, Don Pimiento, how remarkably you are disposed to coolness and caution.

“*D. Pimi.* What do you mean by that, Don Salvador? Am I not cool? Am I not cautious? Is it possible for any man to be more so?”

“*D. Sal.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! Well, well; where are our children?”

“*D. Pimi.* Am I not cool, Don Salvador?”

“*D. Sal.* Exceedingly; as cool as you were the other day, when I laughed because you asserted heat was nothing.”

“*D. Pimi.* Sir, you may laugh again if you please, and I will assert again, and will assert in the face of the whole world, that heat is not a thing, but a quality.”

“*D. Sal.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! And so you still persist in affirming, that the blaze of a faggot, or the light of a candle, is nothing?”

“*D. Pim.* Sir, I affirm no such thing.”

“*D. Sal.* And that were I to burn my finger, or scald my leg, I should feel no pain?”

C

“*D. Pimi.*

14 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

"*D. Pimi.* I say, sir, pain is a sensation, produced
"by the reaction—

"*D. Sal.* And if my house was burnt to the ground,
"you would pretend it was still standing.

"*D. Pimi.* Sir, the reaction—

"*D. Sal.* Or that the fiery lava of Mount Vesuvius,
"while it sweeps away fields, flocks, men and cities, is
"totally innocent, has nothing pernicious in its effects.

"*D. Pimi.* Sir, the reaction—(*very loud, and very
angry*) Sir, I say no such thing."

"*D. Sal.* Then what do you say, sir?"

D. Pimi. Sir, you won't hear what I say, sir, you
can't understand what I say, sir.

D. Sal. That is your fault, sir, for not speaking in-
telligibly.

D. Pimi. Do you mean to call me a fool, sir?

D. Sal. Sir, I have too much respect to good man-
ners to follow your example.

D. Pimi. Do you mean to say, sir, I don't know
good manners?

D. Sal. I mean to say, sir, you don't practice 'em.

D. Pimi. Sir, your son shall have no daughter of
mine.

D. Sal. Sir, both you and your daughter would be
too much honor'd in the alliance.

D. Pimi. Too much honor'd! Jaqueline! Diego!
Who waits there?—Zelida!—Somebody call my
daughter.

Enter Fernando and Zelida.

Donna Zel. My dear father, what's the matter?

D. Pimi. Come here, child, come away from that—

D. Sal. What, sir?

D. Fer. My dear father what is the occasion of all
this warmth?

D. Pimi. I would sooner marry my daughter to a
descendant of the Cyclops, or the great grandson of
Cacus, than to the offspring of such a passionate, per-
verse,—But I despise—

"*Donna*

" Donna Zel. My dear sir, pray for Heav'n's sake forbear.

" D. Fer. What can have occasioned—

" D. Sal. (*With great contempt*) Here has he been asserting again that fire won't burn, that water can't quench it, that Mahomet's black ram was an Alderney cow, and that the man in the moon wears a Harlequin's jacket.

" D. Pimi. Sir, I asserted no such things; I despise both buffoonery and buffoons."

D. Sal. Despise! Do you despise me, sir?

D. Fer. (*Getting between them and forcing him off*) Pray sir, consider, sir.

D. Pimi. Sir, I despise ignorance.

Donna Zel. (*Keeping her father back*) For Heaven's sake, sir—

D. Pimi. Sir, you are,—(*Zelida puts her hand over her father's mouth.*)

D. Sal. Sir, no man shall dare despise—

D. Fer. (*Raising his voice to overpower his father's, and forcing him out.*) Be pacified, dear sir.

(*Exeunt D. Salvador and Fernando.*)

Manent Don Pimiento and Zelida.

D. Pimi. I'll suffer no blockhead—

Donna Zel. For Heaven's sake, dear, dear sir, be cool.

D. Pimi. Cool—I am here with the determination to be cool—I have given my promise to be cool; never in my life was more circumspect! never! never!

Donna Zel. Let me beg you, sir, to walk this way.

D. Pimi. An obstinate, hot—I'll send to Don Velasco, instantly! instantly!

Donna Zel. Pray, sir—(*Partly coaxes and partly drags him off.*) (*Exeunt*)

Enter Jaquelina, peeping.

Jaq. So, there's an end of that business, and the lovers may get at each other if they can.

Re-enter Zelida.

Donna Zel. Ah, Jaquelina!

Jaq. Ah, madam! I told you how it would be.

Donna Zel. My father is going to send for Don Velasco; if he comes, I am ruined. Don Pimiento will pledge his word, and no power on earth then will be able to shake him.—Run, fly, Jaquelina, intercept the message, invent some means—

Enter Don Velasco.

Jaq. (Going) Ah, it's too late, madam, here is Don Velasco himself.

D. Vel. Good morning, Donna Zelida. Is Don Pimiento within?

Jaq. No, sir; he is just gone out. *(Turning round)* Ah!

Enter Don Julio Pimiento.

D. Pimi. Don Velasco, I am happy to see you! You are the very person I was going to send to. Zelida, go to your own chamber, and don't stir from thence, nor see any person whatsoever without my knowledge. *[Exit Zelida.]* Do you follow your mistress, and see that I'm obeyed.

Jaq. (aside) The Devil take philosophy, I say.

[Exit.]

D. Vel. You seem a little disturbed, Don Pimiento.

D. Pimi. I should have been, Don Velasco, if I had not more than a common command over my passions.—I have been assaulted by an Ignoramus, insulted by a sneering Ideot, and I am very happy you are come.

D. Vel. Well, Don Pimiento, which way can I—

D. Pimi. I believe, Don Velasco, you recollect you did me the honor to hint that an alliance between our families would not be disagreeable to you.

D. Vel. It is what I very ardently desire, Don Pimiento.

D. Pimi.

D. Pim. I am happy to hear it.

D. Vel. Your daughter is a young lady of such winning manners, of so mild, so amiable, so sweet a disposition, that I am fully persuaded, could my son, Don Fabricio, obtain the honor of her hand, it must make him the happiest of men; which is a thing as you may suppose, I am most anxious to see accomplish'd.

D. Pim. (*eagerly*) Do me the honor to walk into my cabinet, Don Velasco, we'll conclude the business instantly.—I give you my word of honor, Don Velasco, your son Fabricio shall have her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the street again.

Enter Pedro, half drunk, singing.

He that has not a penny in his pocket, or purse,
Is sure in a happy condition,
For bankrupts and bailiffs he cares not a curse,

(*Speaks*) I'll keep no more company with skinkers.

(*Sings*) He hickups up sorrow,
And laughs at to morrow.

Knaves that pocket their pence, and talk morality—
Fellows that never could discover a pimple on their
nose!—Rascals that will sneak out of the world without
ever beholding two o'clock in the morning.

Enter Fabio.

Fab. Now must I go seek that rogue Pedro: he may become a precious implement in the present reverse of our affairs—Ah! who's that? Pedro?

Ped. The pennyless.

Fab. You are happy, I see.

Ped. I say you cannot see: I am only half happy—
T'other cup, and then—

Fab. What then?

18 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

Ped. Another—"If you have any charity, lend me
"a ducat.

Fab. Not a real.

Ped. Then go and hang yourself—If you'll give
"me a bottle you are a prince, if not, you are a vile
"compound.

Fab. A compound?

Ped. Ay, of water, abominable water and clay."

Fab. Hark thee, Pedro, I have no time to lose: Don
Pimiento refuses his daughter to my master, and we are
come to a determination to carry her off, either by ar-
tifice or force of arms, in which thy assistance may be
of service.

Ped. Say no more—I'm for you—[*points to his fore-
head*] I have it—ripe—full of expedient—liquor en-
lightens my understanding, and generates stratagem and
deep reflection—Give me but another bottle, and I'll
find thee out the longitude.

Fab. Not a drop.

Ped. Well, where is this new master of mine? or,
rather, this new landlord?

Fab. Thy landlord?

Ped. Yes; my master's Palace is my Inn: the only
difference is, that, instead of his bringing me in a bill, I
make him provide for me first, and pay afterwards for
the trouble I take to eat and drink his dainties—Na-
ture, certainly, intended me for a statesman, but Fate
took pity on me, and ordained that, instead of catering
for others, others should cater for me.

Fab. Prithee, Pedro, what liquor in the world dost
thou love best?

Ped. What a shallow numskull of a question is that!
—I love 'em all best—

SONG.

S O N G.

Your Mountain, Sack, your Frontiniac,
 Tokay, and twenty more, fir,
 Your Sherry, and Perry, that make men merry,
 Are Deities I adore, fir!
 Your potent Port
 Must praise extort,
 When from his palace forth he comes!
 And glucks and gurgles! fumes and foams!

The Briton, fir, John Barley-corn,
 Stands highly in my favour;
 His mantling head doth well adorn
 His valor, and his flavor!
 Nay Cyder-an,
 Is a mighty man!
 When from his palace forth he comes!
 And glucks and gurgles! fumes and foams!

Old Rum, Arrack, and Coniac,
 Are known for men of might, fir!
 Nor shall Sir Flasket Florence lack
 A place among my Knights, fir!
 Don Calcavella
 Is a noble fellow
 When from his palace forth he comes!
 And glucks and gurgles! fumes and foams!

Madeira! Monarch! him I sing!
 And old Hock! lo! another!
 Champaign is my most Christian King!
 And Burgundy's his brother!
 Brave Bourdeaux! too,
 Shall have his due!
 When from his palace forth he comes!
 And glucks and gurgles! fumes and foams!

If, singly, thus, each Champion may
 So many laurels gather,
 Gods! what a glorious Congress they,
 When all are met together!

When high in state

Each Popentate

Forth from his spacious palace comes!
 And glucks and gurgles! fumes and foams!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the house of Isabel,

Isabel, and Laura.

Isa. Is there no message, no note from Don Fabricio?

Lau. No, madam.

Isa. It's very strange—a mighty attentive lover!

Lau. You know, madam, he was not to be here yet this half hour.

Isa. What tell ye me of half hours?—But I won't teize myself about him—I don't care if he never comes—Who's that? (*eagerly*)

Lau. What, madam?

Donna Isa. Did not somebody knock?

Lau. I heard nobody, madam.

Donna Isa. You are very sparing of your labour—go and see.

Lau. (*Aside, and putting the things to rights on a table*) I know she'll bid him begone the moment he is here; her vanity is never satisfied, with him, or without him.

Donna Isa. Why don't you go?

Lau. Why Lord, madam, I am sure there is nobody. [*Exit.*]

Donna Isa. "What an odious colour'd ribband this is! (*Unpins her breast-knot, and throws it on the table.*) What a horrid dull morning!"—No—he does not intend to come; or, if he does, he will expect that, because one feels a partiality in his favor, one should immediately tell him so!—In direct terms!—No, indeed!

SONG.

S O N G.

Wherefore tell me, silly lover,
I coquettish am, or vain?
In my looks you might discover
What my lips must not explain.
He who, when a maid denies,
Believes her words, and not her eyes,
Shall live the bye-word of the plain,
And envy some more happy swain.

Enter Laura.

Donna Isa. Go bid the footman order my carriage
—No, come back, “give me my veil, I’ll take a walk.
[*Laura reaches the veil, and sees the breast-knot.*]

“*Lau.* Lord, madam, why have you taken this
“off? This breast-knot is the very colour I heard
“Don Fabricio praise so much yesterday.”

“*Donna Isa.* I am glad you have told me; I’ll ne-
“ver wear it any more—Where is my veil?

“*Lau.* Here, madam.

“*Donna Isa.* And why don’t you give me the
“breast-knot?

“*Lau.* Did not you say madam?—

“*Donna Isa.* I never saw so stupid a creature!
“(*Laura gives her the breast-knot, and offers to*
“*throw the veil over her mistress.*) What is the girl
about?”

Lau. Lord, madam, I declare there is no such thing
as pleasing you since you have been in love. I never
knew a person so altered in my life; you are neither
satisfied with your lover, nor yourself, nor your ser-
vants, nor any one thing about you. I am sure, ma’am,
for all I am cross’d in love, if the defect of it was not
very different upon me, we should soon part; but it
makes me all patience, meekness, and good nature.

Donna Isa. Thee! Why, art thou in love?

Lau.

22 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

Lau. Why should I not, madam? Do you think I have not a heart in my bosom as well as your ladyship?—I am sure many a sigh has my fond passion cost me.

Donna Isa. Sigh! and fond passion!—I shall detest the words as long as I live.

“*Lau.* Humph! Sugar’s sugar, tho’ a body be a servant—And a handsome young fellow’s company and kisses are as sweet to us as to our betters.”

S O N G.

My Sancho was the dearest youth!
My joy, my only treasure!
Love’s blessings dwell around his mouth!
His eyes spoke peace and pleasure!

The’ suns should scorch, or frosts should bite,
Did dearest Sancho cheer me,
I’d sing by day and watch by night,
Rejoic’d that he were near me!

For Sancho, &c.

So sweetly on his pipe he’d play!
Oh! how I lov’d to hear him!
As jocund he, as blith as May!
’Twas heav’nly to be near him!
Oh! Sancho, &c.

[While the Song is singing, Isabel retires into an inner apartment.]

Lau. [Knocking without.] Oh, here comes the lover; now she may vent her cross, cankerbitten humours upon him.

Enter Isabel hastily.

Donna Isa. How the girl stands! Why don’t you fly to the door?

Lau. [Going.] Lord, madam, the footmen have nothing else to do. [Isabel goes to the glass, looks at herself, and adjusts her breast-knot.]

Enter

Enter Don Fabricio, [Runs up eagerly to Isabel.]

D. Fab. My Isabel ! My life !

Donna Isa. Where have you been ? Why did you not come sooner ? Or, why did you come at all ?

D. Fab. (Tenderly taking her hand.) Did you wish me here sooner ?

Donna Isa. Me wish you here !—Lord, let go my hand, and don't teize me.

D. Fab. How can you, Isabel, be so perverse ?

Donna Isa. Perverse ! Upon my word !—You have a very happy choice of expressions.

D. Fab. You know my affection, Isabel ; you are sensible of my passion.

Donna Isa. Indeed I am sensible of no such thing.

D. Fab. (A little vexed.) I declare, Isabel, there is no supporting your injustice.

Donna Isa. My injustice indeed ! I find, sir, you are come, as usual, only to wrangle with me ; but, I assure you, it would be much more prudent to stay at home, when you find yourself in these tempers.

D. Fab. (kneels to her) To wrangle, Isabel ? Is this to wrangle ? " No ; I came to adore, to die for you, " if it would give you pleasure." Tell me but which way I might contribute to your happiness, and you shall see how I will fly to execute your will.

Donna Isa. I beg you will rise ; you can't any way contribute to my happiness.

D. Fab. (evidently very much vexed, and endeavouring to recover himself.) This is hardly to be borne ! Nothing, Isabel, but love like mine, could support your treatment.

Donna Isa. Treatment ! Pray which way have I treated you ill ? And if I do, why do you come to me again ? Who desires your company ? Have not I told you a thousand times, I never wished to see you more ?

D. Fab. Yes, cruel, unjust, ungrateful woman, you have ; but, take care ; perhaps you may tell me so once too often.

Donna Isa. So, so ; threats too ! A very pretty " obedient lover, to be sure, you are ; and I am a " very unjust, hard-hearted, lady !

" D. Fab.

24 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

" *D. Fab.* Is it in the power of man to bear your caprices?

" *Donna Isa.* My caprices!—Insolent!

" *D. Fab.* How have I deserv'd—

" *Donna Isa.* Well, well; lord I tell you again, I wish you would not bring your ill humours here.

" *D. Fab.* My ill humours! Did I not come with smiles in my face, and joy in my heart? hoping, for once, to have met a sweet return of those gentle transports, which I felt glowing so ardently in my own bosom?

" *Donna Isa.* Indeed, Don Fabricio, I must once more repeat to you, that if you can come here for no other purpose but to find fault with me; to tell me I am unjust, ungrateful, capricious, and heap every other kind of aspersion upon me, you can invent; I must beg, and *insist*, you'll never come here any more.

" *D. Fab.* Very well, Isabel, very well; since I am so totally disagreeable to you, and since your commands are so very absolute, you will find I am not so pitifully abject as to be thus repeatedly and everlastingly scorn'd and repuls'd.—Yes, I will obey these your positive, your haughty commands, and perhaps with more fortitude than you expect, perhaps more than you wish.

" *Donna Isa.* Wish! Indeed! I wish!

" *D. Fab.* Yes, more than you wish; you cannot so disguise your wishes, but they will appear in spite of that caprice by which they are clouded; nay, had I not been well persuaded you had a partiality, and a strong one, in my favor, I should not so long have endured the injustice of your behaviour; but, while I saw it, and felt my own passion as pure, and, at least, as ardent, as yours, I hoped, vainly, I find, it might be possible to conquer that coquettish, unworthy, and dissatisfied humor by which you are tormented."

Donna Isa. Pray, sir—How dare you, sir!—Be gone, sir! this instant be gone! and never presume to obtrude yourself into my presence again!

D. Fab.

D. Fab. Obtrude?—Yes, haughty lady, I will be gone, and observe your injunction, punctually, literally.—Good morning.—[*Don Fabricio, going, is met by Don Fernando.*]

D. Fer. Fabricio, this is fortunate! I came purposely, hoping to meet you. [*Looking round, and observing the disorder of Fabricio and Donna Isabel, who has sat down*] But!—You!—What is the matter?

Donna Isa. [*Rises*] An ungrateful—proud—passionate—[*bursts into tears*] There is no supporting his treatment. [*Exit.*]

D. Fer. [*Aside—Don Fabricio walking about.*] They have been quarrelling—He wants to break with her, no doubt, that he may be at liberty to marry Zelida.

D. Fab. I am determined I will be no longer the Dupe of her caprice.

D. Fer. Yes; it is evidently so. [*to Don Fabricio with an air of chagrin.*] You have heard, I presume, Don Fabricio, of the treaty between your father and Don Pimiento?

D. Fab. Concerning what, Sir?

D. Fer. Your marriage with Donna Zelida.

D. Fab. Yes, Sir, I have.

D. Fer. And pray give me leave to ask you, Don Fabricio, what you think of that treaty?

D. Fab. [*Still walking about.*] I think it would be a very wise treaty for me, Sir.

D. Fer. [*Endeavouring to conceal his passion.*] And—and—and you consequently think, Zelida—

D. Fab. An Angel! I do upon my soul, Sir.

D. Fer. But give me leave to observe t'ye, Don Fabricio, there are prior claims.

D. Fab. Sir?

D. Fer. Claims that will be insisted on, Sir.

D. Fab. I perceive you are growing angry, Don Fernando; and as I am not very cool, at present, I shall bid you a good morning.

D. Fer. Before you go, Sir, I demand a categorical answer.

D. Fab. And with that menace on your face?

D. Fer. No equivocation, Sir.

D

D. Fab.

26 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

D. Fab. Hark ye, Don Fernando, if you should meet any hot, irascible young gentleman of your acquaintance, who wants to be taught manners, pray inform him my name is Fabricio, and that I am to be found on the Prado at five. *[Exit.]*

D. Fer. Sir!—*(Going to follow, but stops short)* Perhaps I am to blame—it is evident he and Isabel have quarrell'd—I will enquire further of her—Yet why did he avoid an explanation?—The charms of my Zelida are irresistible!—She must, she shall be mine: yes, I will indulge the flattering idea.

S O N G.

As, lonely, thro' the mead, or grove,
Or by the limpid stream,
Of thee, Zelida! while I rove,
Indulging fancy's dream,
I hear thy voice, enchanting maid!
Thy beauteous form I feign,
Strange transports ev'ry sense invade!
And thrill thro' ev'ry vein!

II.

If fancied Pleasures are so great,
And feeble Memory may,
Thus, with her phantoms, captivate!
These ecstasies convey!
If, absent, I entranc'd, may feel
Sensations so divine!
What raptures shall that hour reveal
Which makes thee wholly mine!

[Exit after Isabel.]

Enter Pedro and Fabio.

Ped. Thou seest the effects, Fabio, of half an hour's sleep, a wet napkin, and a razor.—Now am I as fresh as if it were midnight.

Fab. Don Fernando bade me follow him hither—Oh, here he comes.

Re-enter

Re-enter Don Fernando, and Donna Isabel.

Donna Isa. What you tell me gives me a thousand fears and suspicions. I was accusing myself, while he, perhaps, was artfully exciting me to a quarrel that might serve his own purposes.

D. Fer. It is but too probable—Fabio—Oh, this, I suppose, is Pedro?

Ped. And your humble servant, sir.

D. Fer. Fabio has given me a high character of thy abilities. Hast thou considered—

Ped. The affair, I believe, stands thus, sir: Your fathers have quarrelled, are passionate and obstinate. One of them is a pretended philosopher, or rather a philosophic news-monger.

D. Fer. He is so.

Ped. Who makes a few nick-nack experiments and listens with avidity to the discoveries of others, which he publishes as his own, in the very teeth of the person from whom he received his information.

D. Isa. You have a deal of observation. Mr. Pedro?

Ped. Observation is the essence of genius, madam, "and genius is not confined to rank."—I must get introduced to Don Pimiento, as a philosopher just come from Paris or Pisa, or any other place far enough off—if I could learn what is the philosophic chit-chat, the wonder of the day—

D. Fer. That I can procure: I have a college acquaintance.

Ped. An expedient must next be found to wheedle, or terrify, Don Salvador into compliance.

D. Fer. I can think of none.

Ped. Leave that to me, sir.

Donna Isa. But Don Fabricio!

Ped. What of him, madam?

D. Fer. Is this lady's lover, and, as we fear, has been quarrelling with her for the purpose of being at liberty to marry Zelida.

Ped. Then we must have some plot for him also.

28 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

D. Fer. But is thy brain as fertile as thou seem'st to think?

Ped. Time must determine, sir.

D. Fer. Well, I promise thee that success, in this affair, shall make thy fortune.

Ped. Ah; sir,—he that has a heart as merry as mine—why his fortune's made.

D. Fer. Yes—but a little money—

Ped. Oh Laud!—Ay, sir—is an excellent thing!—Money!—money is the father of mirth—and mother too egad.—He that does not want money will never want relations.

Donna Isa. We will not be ungrateful, Mr. Pedro.

Q U A R T E T T O.

Donna Isa. Love's pleasures, surely, should be great,
For, ah! too frequent is the pain.

D. Fer. Yet still, its ills to mitigate,
Our griefs find ease while we complain.

Enter Laura.

Lau. Lord! ma'am, Don Fabricio's gone hence in a huff!

Ped. I met him; he look'd most confoundedly gruff!

Lau. He star'd!

Ped. Cock'd his hat!

Lau. Twirl'd his thumbs!

Ped. Bit his lips!

Lau. And look'd full as glum as—as—as

Ped. The moon in eclipse!

Omnes. Love's pleasures, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*The street before Don Julio Pimiento's door, which
shuts to.*

Enter Fabio, (looking.)

SO, our sham philosopher has got admittance.—I wish it were possible to see Jaquelina; but, that indeed, is not to be hop'd.—Hey! who's this? (*retires a little, peeping.*) By Jupiter, it is she herself!

Enter Jaquelina.

Jaq. I have escaped for a moment, if I could but find that—

Fab. (advances.) Ah, my sweet gilliflower!—This is lucky; we concluded you and your mistress were close prisoners.

Jaq. No; we are on parole, at present.

Fab. And you have taken a liberty natural to your sex, especially to chambermaids, and strayed beyond your limits.

Jaq. If ever we do stray, you men are the first to tempt, and the first to reproach us.—But come, come; tell me, what does your master intend to do?

Fab. Hang himself, if he can't marry your mistress.

Jaq. Pshaw! let him marry first, he may hang himself afterwards.—But there is no time to be lost.—Has he any plan?—any—

Fab. Oh yes, an excellent one!—Despairing of meeting you, my master has sent a letter to your mistress, by a philosopher.

Jaq. A philosopher!

Fab. A pretended one, an arch fellow; one Pedro; but, unless he sees you, he may find no means of conveying his letter.

Jaq. I must be gone then.

Fab. No hurry—It may be some time, perhaps, before we meet again; and you must know, Jaqueline, that ever since I told you how prodigiously I was in love with you, I have thought of nothing else.

Jaq. Then your memory is vastly improved.

Fab. I really believe, if you give me encouragement, as I have no doubt you will, I shall be mad enough to marry.

Jaq. Don't be too certain, sir; I assure you, I am very difficult to please.

Fab. Are you? why pray tell me what sort of a husband you would wish?

Jaq. I would have him very patient, for I am passionate, and hate contradiction; very industrious, for I don't love work, yet should chuse to have every thing decent about me; very handsome, for I must insist on having pretty children—

Fab. Ah! that I am afraid won't entirely depend upon me.

Jaq. Very brave, for I am apt to quarrel, and want a protector; then he should have some money, for I love pleasure, fine cloaths, and good living; a neat person, for I hate a sloven; a genteel appearance, for I should prefer a gentleman-like carriage; besides which, he must have understanding enough to commit no follies himself, and to overlook all those that I commit.

Fab. Well, my dear, the article of money excepted, you may find all these perfections united in me.—Indeed, I am persuaded, fate designed us for each other. For my own part, I can safely say, I am one of the cleverest fellows, and best creatures, breathing.

Jaq. You are?

Fab. I am, upon my honor.—We shall be vastly happy; as the proverb says: we shall wear two heads under one hat.

Jaq.

Jaq. Two heads under one hat ! two heads under one cap, if you please, sir.

Fab. Nay, as you please, my dear.

Jaq. And, if I do marry, I shall not chuse too many children.—Not above a pigeons pair at the very most.

Fab. Granted.

Jaq. The boy shall be monstrous clever.

Fab. Be it so.

Jaq. But the girl !——The girl shall be the greatest genius, and the finest person !——That is, she shall be the very moral of me.

Fab. To be sure, my dear—I'll take particular care about that.

Jaq. She shall have a fine neck, an elegant shape, a most beautiful face, a charming leg and foot ; then, as I was saying, she shall be a monstrous great genius—She shall dance delightfully, sing divinely, play on the music like an angel, and paint like a goddess, without ever being taught.

Fab. Without ever being taught !

Jaq. To be sure——Don't I tell you she is to be a genius ?

Fab. Very well, my dear, she shall be just what you please."

Jaq. Yes ; I expect every thing is to be just as I please.

S O N G.

Cold or hungry, wet or weary,
Husbands ever must be pleas'd :
Nor with saucy pour, or query,
Wives must ever once be teas'd :
Patient, humble,
Unknown to grumble,
Seldom angry, soon appeas'd ;
Cold or hungry, wet or weary,
Husbands ever must be pleas'd.

II.

Tho' of folly they're convicted,
Yet, should they the fact deny,
Wives must not be contradicted;
Nor once ask for reasons why:
Swinging, dinging,
Scolding, fingering,
If they laugh, or if they cry,
Wives must not be contradicted;
Nor once ask'd for reasons why.

[Exit.

Manet Fabio, enter Don Fernando.

D. Fer. Well, Fabio, have you any intelligence?
Has Pedro got admittance?

Fab. Yes, sir, and I have luckily met Jaquelina,
who is now informed of our plan.

D. Fer. That's fortunate! watch hereabouts 'till
Pedro comes back, that, in case of any accident, you
may be at hand: but keep out of sight. (*Fabio retires*)
If this fellow should be detected, what resource shall I
find next?—anxious, restless, hoping, fearing, I am
uneasy and unhappy every where—Oh, Zelida!

S O N G.

When gloomy thoughts my soul possess,
Alike in palace, plain or grove,
Fond sighs my griefs and pangs express;
And plaintive songs of joyless love.

II.

When doubts, impatient, rend my heart,
As rends the hawk the turtle-dove,
Indignant, from each wound I start;
And sing the wrongs of injur'd love.

III. But

III.

But should my pangs, endur'd so long,
 The cruel Fates to mercy move,
 I'd gladly change the mournful song;
 And sweetly sing the joys of love.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *the Museum of Don Julio Pimiento.*

Enter Don Julio Pimiento, and Pedro as a philosopher.

Ped. Sir, I have correspondents in all parts of the world. It is the business of my life to seek out men famous in philosophy; and, being at Madrid, could not neglect the opportunity of being known to a philosopher so renown'd as el noblissimo, y savantissimo, y eloquentissimo, y Venerabilissimo, Don Julio Pimiento de Sandovalo.

D. Pimi. Sir, from the profound respect you pay to philosophers, I can make no doubt but you are, yourself, a philosopher of the first distinction.

Ped. Sir, modesty always imprints her mark upon merit. I shall therefore say nothing of my own abilities. I shall only hint, sir, that if you can find on the earth's circumference so deep a thinker, so just a reasoner, so acute an observer, so—but, sir,—modesty—modesty forbids me to finish my sentence.

D. Pimi. And have you travelled far, sir?

Ped. Far? From the Arctic to the Antarctic: I have visited all countries, climates, and nations, known and unknown.

D. Pimi. Unknown!

Ped. (*Hesitating*) U—n—un—known; yes, sir, unknown—except to myself.

D. Pimi. Sure, sir, you—you—

Ped. (*Aside.*) I lie, he means to say—"Sir, have you ever heard of air balloons?"

"*D. Pimi.* Somewhat, sir, but very imperfectly.

"*I—I shall—*

"*Ped.*

34 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

" *Ped.* (*With importance.*) Sir, I'll explain that matter t'ye more fully another time.

" *D. Pimi.* You say you have correspondents?
" Can you inform me how foreign philosophers are at present employed?

" *Ped.* Exactly. In Sweden and the North, they are making experiments; in Germany, they are making systems; in France, they are making fortunes; and in England, they are making parachutes.

" *D. Pimi.* Parachutes? Pray, sir, what are they?

" *Ped.* A parachute, sir, is a—a—mathematical instrument, vulgarly called an umbrella, into which if you put a cat, you may toss her from the top of a house without breaking her neck.

" *D. Pimi.* That you might have done before, sir—
" But can you toss a dog?

" *Ped.* No, sir.

" *D. Pimi.* Or a sheep?

" *Ped.* Oh no, sir, a cat is your only animal for a parachute"—Pray, sir, are you a Mesmerite?

D. Pimi. A Mesmerite, sir? what is a mesmerite?

Ped. Is it possible, sir, that you should never have heard of Mesmer?

D. Pimi. Never, sir.

Ped. Nor Deslon?

D. Pimi. Never.

Ped. Nor of that sublime—sublimity—animal magnetism?

D. Pimi. (*Eagerly.*) Never, never, sir—What is it? What is it?

Ped. Is it! Sir—It—It is—It—It—Sir—It is so wonderful!—so profound!—so—I—I can't tell you what it is.

D. Pimi. Then it must be profound indeed?

Ped. Oh, sir—It—Do you keep any females in the house?

D. Pimi. To be sure, sir.

Ped. I thought, sir, as a philosopher you might exclude them your mansion.

D. Pimi. Why they are but troublesome animals, I own.

Enter

Enter Jaquelina.

Ped. Oh, here comes one. Young woman, stand still. [*Strips up his sleeve, takes a letter out of his pocket, puts himself in a position, and points to Jaquelina with his fore-finger, endeavouring at the same time to make her perceive the letter that he holds behind his back in his other hand.*]

D. Pimi. What are you about, sir?

Ped. Going to magnetize this young woman.

Jaq. Magnetize me indeed! [*Stands staring.*]

Ped. Yes, young woman! Walk round that way.

D. Pimi. Do as you are bld, hussy.

Ped. That way, that way; a little more that way. [*Endeavouring to make her see the letter.—Jaquelina at last perceives his intention, takes the letter, reads the direction, and throws it spitefully away.*]

Jaq. (*Reading the direction.*) Um—um—um—um—um—um—What mummery is this?

Ped. (*Aside to Jaquelina.*) It is for your mistress Zelida, and so directed to avoid detection.

D. Pimi. What, what is that? What is that?

Ped. (*Feeling her pulse.*) This young woman is in such robust good health it will require longer time to— [*Again putting himself in an attitude; Jaquelina takes, and endeavours to conceal, the letter.*]

D. Pimi. But what letter is that?

Ped. (*Pretending to discover that Jaquelina has it.*) Ha! young woman, how came you by this letter? [*Snatching it from her.*]

Jaq. (*Understanding his hints, curtsies.*) You just now dropped it, sir.

Ped. This letter, Don Pimiento!—Ah! if you knew the contents of this letter! [*Shews him the direction.*]

D. Pimi. (*reads*) To the most famous and renowned master of all sciences, Dr. Don Lilibulero." Is it curious?

Ped. Sir, were you to read it, you would never recover from your surprise!

D. Pimi. It would give me vast pleasure! Permit me to—

Ped.

36 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

Ped. Pardon me, Don Pimiento, it is impossible.

D. Pimi. What, it contains philosophic secrets I suppose?

Ped. Secrets! Ay, sir, secrets that would make your hair stand on end!

Ped. If this business succeeds, and it is at present in an excellent train, the young shall rejoice, and the old shall laugh.

D. Pimi. Laugh!

Ped. Ay, sir, laugh!—Nay, what is more strange, shall be laugh'd at.—And to convince you, Don Pimiento, of the confidence I place in you, I will venture to inform you, that this whole affair is a scheme, to make a fool of a Philosopher.

D. Pimi. Ah!—I conceive—not a—a—a deep—You understand me—but some shallow—dabbler.

Ped. The very man.

D. Pimi. To convince him of his error, and at the same time surprise the world with a discovery.

Ped. Sir, if you know the letter by rote, you could not better divine its purport. Could not you let this pretty maid step and put it into the post?

D. Pimi. By all means.

Ped. (*Going to give it her; but turns back*) But you'll give me your word of honor, Don Pimiento, not to endeavor, directly or indirectly, to come at the contents.

D. Pimi. Such a promise is needless, sir, but I do give you my word of honor.

Ped. Here, young woman, take it instantly, and there is ten ducats for your trouble.

D. Pimi. [*aside.*] Ten ducats! Zounds! he is very liberal! This must be some rare secret indeed, that he is in possession of!

Ped. Be very careful.

Jaq. Oh, don't you doubt me. [*Eyes Pedro, the dress, the ducats, the letter, &c. All the time endeavouring to restrain her laughter.*]

S O N G.

Never fear, I'll take care of your letter,

I'm as cute as another; why not?

Jaquelina, no chambermaid better,

Has studied the trim of what's what.

Tho'

Tho' grave your
Behaviour,
Your letter, your outlandish looks, sir,
Your ducats, which better than books are,
By half,
Your air astronomical,
All are so comical,
Excuse me! I must take my swing!
For there's no such thing

As forbearing to laugh! [Exit.

D. Pimi. The jade! How merry the ducats have made her!

Ped. I take it for granted you have no children, Don Pimiento.

D. Pimi. Pardon me, sir, I have a daughter.

Ped. Indeed!—Is she married?

D. Pimi. No, sir.

Ped. Hum!—sorry for it—A philosopher should live as undisturb'd as the spiders in his window.

D. Pimi. But she will be shortly.

Ped. The sooner the better—Girls are ever in love, and then their wits are all set to work to deceive—Love letters, rope-ladders, and elopements are their continual study—You are right; marry her—marry her—and to the man she loves—Let her be miserable her own way.

D. Pimi. But I hope to see her happy, for which reason—

Ped. (as if just recollecting himself) Fool that I am! What have I forgot?

D. Pimi. What is the matter, sir?

Ped. The most necessary thing in the whole process!

D. Pimi. What sir? What?

Ped. I beg ten million of pardons, Don Pimiento, ten million of pardons; but must instantly be gone to prepare the second part to my letter. 'Tis of the utmost consequence! The affair can't wait a moment!

D. Pimi. Sir, I would by no means intrude upon time so valuable; but, when more at leisure—

Ped. Oh sir, you will be certain to see me again: have not the least doubt, sir, that I can forget a Philosopher so renowned as—

E

DUET.

D U E T.

El noblissimo! y savantissimo!
Y eloquentissimo! y venerabilissimo!
Don Julio Pimiento de Sandoval!
To whom unpeopled lands shall know
How much they owe.

D. Pimi. Most learned, scientific sir!

Ped. Nay, I insist, you shall not stir!

D. Pimi. Permit me, sir!

Ped. You must not stir!

D. Pimi. I beg, kind sir!

Ped. You shall not stir!

D. Pimi. If any thing new should occur—

Ped. You shall hear of me, sir.

D. Pimi. Be so kind as to call when you're in our
vicinity.

Ped. This vast honorificabilitudinity
Commands my esteem!

D. Pimi. Any project or scheme—

Ped. Sir, your's is the clover—

D. Pimi. Oh! dear sir!—

Ped. The cream—

D. Pimi. Kind sir!

Ped. The virginity

Of all I discover.

I find in myself an impossibility—

D. Pimi. Sir!

Ped. Do not stir,

To express my esteem!

Ped. Learned sir, your civility!

Ped. Your admirability!

D. Pimi. Would I had docility—

Ped. And I volubility—

Both. To express my esteem.

D. Pimi. Learned sir!

Ped. Do not stir.

Both. This vast honorificabilitudinity
Commands my esteem!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

D U E T.

SCENE changes to the house of Don Salvador.

Enter Pedro and Fabio.

Ped. I must request, Mr. Fabio, you will lay aside some of this familiarity, and put on a little more respect and reserve. Consider the difference between laqueys, like you, and a person of my character and consequence.

Fab. (Laughing) I own, Pedro, thou, like many others, dost assume, and very naturally too, a consequence to which thou hast no pretension. But come, my Philosopher, tell me what scheme thou hast next, in order to succeed with Don Salvador, as well as thou hast done with Don Pimiento?

Ped. There are but two keys to the human heart, Hope and Fear, and this observation, friend Fabio, if thou wert not naturally very shallow, would convince thee, I am really more of a Philosopher than thou dream'st of.—Canst thou tell me what thing in this world Don Salvador fears the most?

Fab. (After considering) The inquisition.

Ped. Ha!

Fab. An attempt was once made upon him, for the sake of his wealth, by those holy fathers, which he got clear of with honor; but which gave him so much trouble, and terror, that ever since, he has held the holy office, and all its implements, in utter dread and abhorrence. The very name of an inquisitor will make him quake like the bass-string of a harpsichord.

Ped. Then I am an inquisitor.

Fab. (astonished) Thou!

Ped. Shut thy mouth, and on with thy observations, if thou hast any thing more to communicate.

Fab. The inquisitors being all ecclesiastics, Don Salvador detests, and never fails to take his revenge on, all orders and degrees belonging to the church, whenever he thinks he can do it with safety.

Ped. Enough, thou hast uttered volumes.—“Philosophy, for the present, must, as it has often done before, give place to religion.”—Wait a little, and prepare to wonder

Exit.
Fab.

40 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

Fab. Ha, ha, ha, ha! the rogue is certainly some run-away jesuit.

Enter Don Salvador.

D. Sal. Where is your master, firrah, Fabio?

Fab. Lord, poor young gentleman! it is impossible I should tell, fir: your folks cross'd in love never know where they are themselves, and how should I?

D. Sal. What, is his passion very violent?

Fab. Oh, fir, monstrous!

D. Sal. So much the better; your very violent love never lasts long.

Fab. But suppose he should turn desperate, fir, and put an end to himself?

D. Sal. Why, then, there will be an end to all his troubles. A dead man has no need of a wife, which ought to be no small comfort to him.

Fab. How can you, who are his father, talk so?

D. Sal. Because, I, who am his father, know him too well to be under any apprehension.

Re enter Pedro in a friar's habit.

D. Sal. How, now! who let in this friar? What is your business, fir,

Ped. I am come, son—

D. Sal. I am no son of your's, friend; I'm too old to be your bastard.

Ped. Tho' not thy carnal, I am thy ghostly father, and with all humility—

D. Sal. Prithee, friend, let us have no abuse of terms. Not ghostly, but ghastly, thou art: carnal I believe thee to be; and as for humility, that, as well as charity, thou expectest from others; friars never keep any themselves.—But what do you do here, friend? What is your business? I want no confessor: I have one already, and that is one too many.

Ped. I am exceedingly sorry to find sin so inveterate in a head so grey. I come to thee, son, in all meekness.—

D. Sal.

A COMIC OPERA. 41

D. Sal. Yes, a wolf in sheep's cloathing. Who are you?

Ped. Thou dost interrogate with great haughtiness. I am Calificador to the holy office.

D. Sal. (*Trembling exceedingly, and pulling off his hat.*) Sir! an inquisitor!

Ped. An inquisitor; and exceedingly grieved to find an aged person, whom I believed a true son of the church, a hardened sinner, and a heretic.

D. Sal. Sir, I beg a thousand pardons, I—

Ped. And is it thus you treat our sacred fraternity? Were not the church over merciful, in long forbearance, no impious reprobate would dare thus to insult her too patient, suffering, spirit.

D. Sal. Sir, I do not dare, I never did dare, offend the pious, gentle, mild, lenient, fathers of the holy inquisition. I respect, I revere, I adore—

Ped. (*walks about.*) But tho' to succor, and to save, be her delight, she has an arm to punish.

D. Sal. (*following, and greatly agitated*) Pray, most reverend father, hear me a moment.

Ped. Her mercy is great, but her wrath is dreadful!

D. Sal. I will make any atonement.

Ped. Whips, racks!

D. Sal. A thousand pistoles.

Ped. Screws, pullies!

D. Sal. Two thousand.

Ped. Gridirons!

D. Sal. Three thousand.

Ped. Fires, flames, and faggots!

D. Sal. Four thousand.

Ped. (*steps, and looks with great gravity over his shoulder.*) Four thousand pistoles?

D. Sal. Four thousand, and whatever penance your pious hand shall please to inflict.

Ped. (*considering.*) Four thousand pistoles.—Were not the church the kindest, best, of mothers, her naughty children could not so easily appease her wrath; but she is aged and poor; she has suckled and fed them, till they are become unruly, rich, and rampant; she—Where are the four thousand pistoles?

42 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

D. Sal. I'll fetch them instantly.

Ped. Stop—be not deceived; do not suppose, that blasphemy, so heinous as you have uttered, can be so easily pardoned.—But, bring the money; and, then, if I find you an obedient son in matters which I will explain to you—why, perhaps.—But, bring the money.

D. Sal. (*going off.*) Oh, unfortunate day!—Curst, unlucky adventure! [*Exit.*]

Fab. (*advancing.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha! thou hast terrified the old gentleman half out of his wits! Thou dost it rarely! But, hark thee, Pedro—concerning the four thousand pistoles?

Ped. What of them?

Fab. We share.

Ped. Not so much as a marvedy.

Fab. Oh yes, we must halve 'em.

Re-enter Don Salvador, with a bag, and overhears their conversation.

Fab. Tho' really thou art an unconscionable rogue, Pedro. Four thousand pistoles! Why zounds! thou wilt set up for a German Prince with thy share!

Ped. My share! I have conscience enough to take care, Mr. Fabio, that you shall not touch a doit.

Fab. I'll have two thousand; nay, if thou mak'st another word, I'll have three, or blow.—

[*Don Salvador comes down, and places himself between them, looking first at one, then at the other, while they alternately steal off as he takes his eyes from them.*]

D. Sal. (*calling*) Stop, stop, Mr. Inquisitor, and take your money.

Ped. (*as he is going off*) I'll call another time, Sir.

D. Sal. A mighty fine scheme this! and I had like to have been most excellently choused. That rascal Fabio in the plot too! Who can the scoundrel be?—Oh my poor dear four thousand pistoles!—“But if I lay hands on him, I'll make him pay for the panic he put me into—This must be some trick of that silly old philosopher Don Pimiento—Yes, he feels he is
“ridiculous

“ ridiculous himself, and wishes to make others the
 “ same—Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha—a fine tale he would
 “ have made on’t!—He would have told it to all his
 “ birds and beasts—ha, ha, ha,—ha, ha!—He does
 “ not perceive that his collection of owls, jack-daws,
 “ and jays, basilisks, blind worms, bulls, and ba-
 “ boons are a universal satire upon himself, nay in-
 “ deed upon the world.

S O N G.

“ Of all your poetical Tuum and Meum,
 “ Most pregnant, in simile, is a Museum:
 “ Brutes, reptiles, birds, plants are lampoons upon life;
 “ A Husband is Hellebore, Wormwood a Wife.

I I.

“ A Vintner’s a Jackall; an Author’s a Grub;
 “ Coquettes are Camelions; a Beau’s a Bear’s cub,
 “ ’Till barbers and taylors have lick’d him to shape,
 “ And when metamorphos’d he is but an Ape.

I I I.

“ Cuckoo-Courtiers are peck’d at, when too near the
 “ Throne,
 “ And have mates who but seldom hatch eggs of their
 “ own;
 “ Politicians, like Polypi, never can cease,
 “ For the more you divide them the more they increase.

I V.

“ Led Captains are snails, who, oppos’d, still recede,
 “ Shrink, pull in their horns, and beslime where they
 “ feed;
 “ A Poet (a modern one) drone-like, conceals,
 “ Debases, and lives on the honey he steals.

v. “ Some

V.

- " Some call him a Spider, whose venom, they say,
 " Spun into non-naturals, poisons his prey;
 " Man-tygers are Bailiffs, who lurk 'till they've claw'd
 " ye,
 " And suck up your blood ere they mangle your body.

VI.

- " A Lawyer a nondescript monster we deem;
 " Shark, Whale, or Leviathan's nothing to him;
 " His green-bag's a belly which simile mocks,
 " For it swallows up houses, fields, forests and flocks!

VII.

- " But he who to cite ev'ry emblem should dare,
 " Of Reptile and Rascal! of Bully and Bear!
 " While prating of Asses, Owls, Monkeys and Goats,
 " Might cut his own fingers and other folks' throats.
 [Exit.

SCENE changes to the apartment of Donna Zelida.

Enter Zelida and Jaqueline; Zelida holds two letters in her hand.

Jaqu. Pray, madam, consider: do nothing hastily.

Donna Zel. No, Jaqueline, there is but one way of acting; that must be pursued, determinedly: to consider were to be lost.

Jaqu. Only read the letter once again, madam, before you send your answer.

Donna Zel. It is needless; every word is imprinted in my memory. Yes, Fernando, I own thy image is engraven on my heart. To lose thee were everlasting wretchedness; but destiny, alas! is more powerful than love.

SONG.

S. O. N. G.

The forest boughs, that oft have felt
 The pruning Woodman's wound,
 In vain accuse the axe and belt
 With which they're lopt and bound :
 Could I the arm of Fate direct,
 Thy sorrows, Youth, should cease ;
 Thy days should Love and Joy protect,
 Thy years should smile in peace.

(After the song, goes to deliver the letters to Jaquelina.)--

Enter Don Pimiento.

D. Pimi. Well Zelida!

Donna Zel. Ah! (Zelida in confusion endeavours to conceal the letters, by putting them in her work bag. Don Pimiento gets a glance of them.)

D. Pimi. You—you seem a little confused, child.

Jaq. Lord, sir, you come so suddenly into young Ladies' rooms—My—my mistress was—she was—was—

D. Pimi. She was?

Jaq. Yes, Sir. (Jaquelina steals round Zelida, and slyly takes the work-bag out of her hand. As she is passing behind Don Pimiento to get to the door, he keeps his eye on her, and seizes her by the arm.)

D. Pimi. Harkye, my dear!

Jaq. Lord, sir, let me go, I want—

D. Pimi. Don't be in a hurry, child, I wan't too.

Jaq. What, Sir?

D. Pimi. To see your t'other hand, child

Jaq. [Lets the work-bag drop behind her, and bends it him.] Well, there Sir, what would you see?

D. Pimi. Really, my dear, you understand Hocus Pocus very well; but pray move a little farther that way—a little farther. [Jaquelina keeps kicking the work-bag behind her; he holds her with one hand, and with the other takes it up, and feels the Letters]

Ha,

46 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

Ha, child! Yes, they are here I believe——My friend the Philosopher was very right——Love letters here are——Rope-ladders and elopements will come next, I suppose——But we shall see—*Takes the Letters out, reads the superscription, and starts with amazement.*] How! What! , To the most famous, most , renowned Master of all Sciences, Dr. Don Lilibulero.' Indeed! , Dearest Zelida'—Begins very learnedly!— , 'Tis impossible to express the torments I this moment suffer—I have sent you this by my Valet, disguised purposely to deceive your father; hope you , will lend him your assistance'—Ah that he need not , doubt of—, Consider, Zelida, my life is at stake! , to outwit those who would sacrifice our happiness to , their own caprice will be meritorious: we cannot , better fulfil our duty'—Most dutiful Sir!—Life or , death will be the consequence of your answer, to the , hoping, despairing, miserable

, FERNANDO.'

And miserable may you remain!—So Madam!—So Mr. Philosopher! These are your secrets—And—[*to Jaqueline*] you! Mrs. Ten Ducats!—But he is gone to prepare the second part, I shall be sure to see him again—So, most dutiful Lady! you are a pattern of virtue, and discretion, and meekness.

Donna Zel. [kneels to her father.] My dearest father, hear me but for a moment.

D. Pimi. You can give countenance to impostors, and join in rendering your father ridiculous to the whole world—But this, no doubt, is your answer. 'To Don Fernando.'—Yes, yes;—We shall now see your dutiful sentiments displayed at full length; I shall here find myself painted in most beautiful colours.

◆ *Donna Zel.* For heaven's sake, my dearest father, pardon my indiscretion.

D. Pimi. Indiscretion! A most gentle term indeed for conspiring to dishonour your family, to disgrace your father, and to render him the subject of a footman's ballad in every twopenny taphouse—But we shall see, we shall see. (*Opens the letter and reads.*) , I

, am ashamed of myself,—Well you may, indeed!—
 , I am ashamed of myself when I find my conduct has
 , been such, Fernando, as could authorise your present
 , proceedings,—How, how!—, I must be the most
 , undutiful, the worst of children, could I, any way,
 , wilfully contribute to see my father so indecently
 , imposed upon,—(*Looks at Zelida.*) My girl! my
 , child!—, When authorized by my father, I did not
 , scruple to confess my affection for you, nor do I,
 , still, to own that his consent to our union would,
 , perhaps, give me as much pleasure as you; but,
 , without his consent, I never will be your's—Zeli-
 , da!—, I cannot pardon myself for having received
 , your letter without his knowledge; and I assure you,
 , no power on earth shall ever make me your's, if,
 , after the receipt of this, you continue to impose on
 , him by means which, tho' perhaps not so considered
 , by you, are degrading and insulting' [*Don Pimiento*
weeps aloud, and lets the letter fall out of his hands.]
Zelida!—You are a good girl, *Zelida!* A good
 girl!—But that damn'd rascal, that Philosopher, that
 footman, that scoundrel—*Diego!*—[*Don Pimiento keeps*
weeping in the midst of his extreme anger.]

Donna Zel. I feel, sir, you have been very improp-
 erly treated; but let me conjure you to consider
 that—

D. Pimi. Consider! Consider! I'll be revenged!

Jaq. But, sir, if you would but remember a little
 philosophy—

D. Pimi. Damn philosophy! I'll be revenged—
 [*Still weeping*] *Diego!*—*Guillermo!*—

Enter a Footman.

Get me a blanket, a strong one, a new one, never
 worn. [*Exit Footman.*]

Donna Zel. Have mercy, sir, upon the poor fellow;
 he is but a footman. It will degrade you to—

D. Pimi. Will it?—But, if it degrades me, it shall
 elevate him—And tho' you are a good girl, *Zelida*, you
 are a little pitiful, and therefore, that neither you nor
 your

48 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:-

your ten ducat waiting-woman may convey any intelligence to the rascal, I must keep you under lock and key a little while.

Donna Zel. Let me know, but what your will is, sir, and, whatever violence it may do my own feelings, I give you my honour it shall be obeyed.

D. Pimi. I could trust you, Zelida—Nay, I will trust you—but as for you—

Jaq. Oh lord, sir, I'll give you my honour too, if you please.

D. Zel. Sir, I pledge my word she shall not stir out of my apartment.

D. Pimi. Do you, Zelida? Well, I will not doubt your word; you are a good girl, Zelida, a good girl! [*To Jaquelina.*] You, perhaps, would like to be magnetized once more—A rascal! with his mesmerites “and parachutes”—Where the devil could the fellow pick up all that?—Ha! [*The rest of this speech, aside.*] As sure as fate—Don Salvador is at the bottom of this!—It is a scheme to make a fool of a philosopher!—The old are to laugh and be laugh'd at!—It must be so—I'll send him a challenge. Employ his rascally agents to make a fool of me!—I'll send him a challenge—Instantly!—A challenge! [*Exit.*]

Donna Zel. Thus then are all my expectations blighted, and such, and so transitory, are human joys!

S O N G.

Hope points to happiness, and, smiling,
Shews us where the Phantom lies;
But, the grasping hand beguiling,
From the touch it starts and flies.

Thus, the butterfly the boy
With chacing wearied is, and cross'd;
Thus, when he'd seize th' expected joy,
Tow'rs heaven it rises and is lost.

Jaq.

Jaq. So our philosopher is in a pretty way ! Don Pimiento won't leave him a whole bone.

D. Zel. No ; tho' My father is passionate, he is naturally merciful, and will rather frighten than hurt him.

Jaq. 'Pshaw ! madam, I am sure he will half murder him. But you mean to let me go and tell Don Fernando what has happened.

D. Zel. You shall not stir : I am determin'd to obey my father.

Jaq. And wilfully make yourself and Don Fernando miserable.

D. Zel. Not wilfully ; I have no choice : it it depended upon me, his happiness should be the business and delight of my life.

Jaq. If ? Why lord, madam, it does depend on you, and nobody but you. A pretty thing, indeed——

D. Zel. Silence, Jaquelina : I'll have no improper liberties taken with my father.

Jaq. Why then, madam, your father should not take improper liberties with you.

D. Zel. I have only to do my duty, and hope for the best.

Jaq. Hope, madam ! Why, don't you know your father's temper ? And didn't you hear him pledge his word and honour to Don Velasco ?

D. Zel. I did—Alas ! there is no hope ! Let conscientious rectitude, then, and resignation be my support.

D U E T.

D. Zel. When passion racks the virgin' heart,
Not ev'n allow'd to hope,
From duty fearful to depart,
What can she do ?

Jaq. Elope.

30 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

I'd never sit so pale and wan,
I'd never pine and mope ;
I'd break from bondage, take the man,
And light as air elope.

D. Zel. I'll patient sit so pale and wan,
I'll patient pine and mope ;
A duteous child sure never can,
No—never will, elope.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE, *the house of Isabel.*

Donna Isabel, *walking about in extreme anxiety, and speaking only at intervals.*

YES—yes, yes, I deserve it—the punishment is just.—I have lost him for ever, and with him, for ever lost my tranquillity. Will Laura never return?—“By what strange insatiation am I governed?—To be conscious of one’s folly!—of one’s extreme absurdity, even at the very moment when it is most predominant!—to feel it strengthen in proportion as one feels its destructive tendency!—Can this be?—Yes, it is, it is!”—(*Rings*)

Enter a Footman.

Is not Laura come back yet?

Ser. No, madam.

[*Exit.*

Donna Isa. Possessed by the tormenting spirit of silly female vanity—of capricious pride—My heart and my tongue in continual contradiction—my understanding and self-love at eternal warfare—ever endeavouring to humble, and render the man I loved, abject; yet, certain to despise him, had he become so.—“Where can this girl be?—He’ll perceive she is sent by my orders, and will despise me for my meanness.”—(*rings*)

Enter a Footman.

“Do you hear any thing of Laura yet?”

Ser. No, madam.

“*Donna Isa.* Run, see if you can meet her, and tell her to make haste.”

F 2

“Ser.

52 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

" Ser. Which way, madam ?

" Donna Isa. Towards Don—heavens ! am I going
" to betray my weakness, even to my very footman ?
(*Aside.*)

" Ser. Where, madam ?

" Donna Isa. No where.

" Ser. Don Fabricio's, madam ?

" Donna Isa. (*aside.*) So ! my passions make me the
" sport of my very servants !—What do you stand for ?

" Ser. Madam ?

" Donna Isa. Go, go, go. (*in a softer tone.*)

" Ser. Where, madam ?

" Donna Isa. No where. (*pettishly.*) [*Exit Foot-
man, shrugging up his shoulders.*]

" Laughed at—despis'd—tortured."

Enter Lau:

Donna Isa. Where have you been all this while ?

Lau. Lord, madam ! I have runn'd myself off my
legs.

Donna Isa. Have you seen Fabricio ?

Lau. Oh yes, madam, I have seen him.

Donna Isa. Tell me instantly what he says.

Lau. Says, madam ?—I never heard a man talk so,
and look so, in my life. He complains, and laughs,
and sighs, and swears, and prays, and weeps.

Donna Isa. Weeps ! does he weep ?

Lau. I never saw any poor gentleman in such a tak-
ing. He calls you an angel, and a coquette, and his
delight, and his torment, and his dear, and his devil ;
and vows he shall die if you are not his ; and swears
he'll never see you more.—He rav'd so, I declare he
frighted me.

Donna Isa. So, he does not talk of coming ?

Lau. He said, madam, he knew very well, you
wanted him to come back.

Donna Isa. Sure you did not tell him that I sent
you ?

Lau. Oh, no, madam ; you know how strictly you
charged me not.—And so he swore, he would rather
die

die a thousand times; and yet, madam, I do believe if he had but thought as how you had sent me, he would have come directly; for he ast me, over and over, whether you sent me, or if you wanted to see him; and I vowed, and perjured, I came of my own head.

Donna Isa. Stupid wretch! why did you do that?

Lau. Why, lord, madam, did not you bid me?—I did slip out a word or two, and then he was going to come all in a hurry, and then I was oblig'd to swear, and declare, that you knew nothing of the matter; and then he began to utter such dreadful oaths! I declare I was terrified.

Donna Isa. Idiot?

Lau. Why, lord, madam, I did not know what to do; I am sure, I would have told him, with all my heart, what a condition you were in, if I dar'd.

Donna Isa. Condition!—Oh, pride, pride!—How mean! how abject!

Lau. And so, madam, he said at last, he should go and take a walk on the Prado; and so, madam, I do believe, that was as much as to say, that, if you wanted him, there you might find him.

Donna Isa. (*Aside.*) Wanted him! This is insupportable!

Lau. And so, madam, if I might advise—

Donna Isa. Hold your tongue.

Lau. Why, madam, I am certain—

Donna Isa. Hold your tongue I say—My present torments are not to be endured—yes, I deserve every humiliation that can be inflicted on me.

Lau. Well, to be sure, she is in a strange twisteration—I know she is in fifty minds now—she does not know whether she should go or stay, or be angry or sorry, or humble, or obstinate, or what—I can't say but I do hope he'll bring her proud stomach down. Such strange fancies and fangles, and airs, and flights, and I will, and I won't—but lord, 'tis the way of all these fine ladies. Because they have not one single thing on earth to cross them, they are always racking their

54 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

their brains to torment them.—But some folks are fortunate, and some folks are misfortunate.

S O N G.

Not all poor Laura's truth and love
Can her too faithless Sancho move!
Alas! poor Laura, forlorn, alone,
Thy love has left thee here to moan!
Were thy poor bosom from love and from Sancho free,
Couldst thou forget both his fondness and perfidy,
Or, did he know how to value thy constancy,
Oh! what a happy young maiden would Laura be!
Did he not smile on another, neglecting thee,
Did he not treat with disdain thy integrity,
Did he remember the oaths he has sworn to thee,
Oh! what a happy young maiden would Laura be!

SCENE *changes to the street.*

Enter Don Fabricio, walks about, melancholy and uneasy, Pedro following.

Ped. (aside.) Here he is—If I am not mistaken, love, pride, and obstinacy are each tormenting him by turns—Now to try whether I cannot incline the balance in favor of love—(*approaches to Fabricio*) Sir! young gentleman! may I crave your ear for a moment?

D. Fab. Well, Sir:

Ped. Your name is Don Fabricio, Sir.

D. Fab. And what then?

Ped. You must understand Sir, there has been a severe combat, between my honour and my *penchant*.

D. Fab. Your—

Ped. And as you, Sir, were the subject of contention, it is for that reason I intreat a hearing.

D. Fab. I!

Ped. You

Ped. You must have observed, Sir, there are certain pleasing countenances that captivate the moment they are seen.

D. Fab. Well?

Ped. Your physiognomy, Sir, has that happy engaging cast. I was struck when I beheld it, and could not help instantly wishing myself an appendage to so placid, so mild, so sweet a nobleman, for noble you certainly are.

D. Fab. I would advise you, friend, to go on with your story, or get out of my reach, lest I should convince you, I am not quite so mild, and so placid, as your rhetorical flourishes pretend.

Ped. Ah no, Sir, I am in perfect security.

D. Fab. Are you? *(Seems going to strike him, and Pedro bows and looks in his face with a smile of humble impudence. Fabricio can't forbear laughing)* This is a strange, odd, impudent fellow.

Ped. Were you not the amiable person I have been describing, I could never reconcile my present proceeding to my conscience.

D. Fab. Damn your conscience, and your present proceeding! What's your business?

Ped. I knew you had the manners of a nobleman! With what a grace you swear! so natural—*(Observes Fabricio driven beyond his patience)* I do not wonder at Donna Isabel's passion for you, Sir.

D. Fab. *(Roused at the name)* Donna Isabel! What do you know of Donna Isabel?

Ped. My name is Pedro, Sir.

D. Fab. Confound the fellow!

Ped. I am servant to Don Fernando, Sir.

D. Fab. But Donna Isabel—

Ped. Will soon be married to my master, Sir, if you don't prevent it.

D. Fab. Married!

Ped. In revenge—Misunderstandings on all sides! Donna Isabel believes you false; my master supposes you in love with Donna Zelida; and they have agreed to be married, with a charitable hope you will hang yourself for vexation.

D. Fab.

D. Fab. Impossible.

"*Ped.* Now as I knew this would make four true
" lovers miserable, my *penchant* for you, Sir, has van-
" quished the obstacles my honour raised to the be-
" traying of my master's secrets."

D. Fab. Can this be true?

Ped. Put me to my oath—Sir—

D. Fab. Ungrateful, false, Isabel!

Ped. Nay, Sir, you mistake the matter. 'Tis excess
of love, and not inconstancy. Offer her your hand,
she won't refuse; lead her to church, and thus wipe
off your old score of troubles, and begin a new one.

D. Fab. [To himself] No—I am determined I'll go
to the Prado—I will not eternally bend thus to a capri-
cious temper.

Ped. [Following.] Sir.

D. Fab. I am not master of myself.

Ped. Kind Sir—

D. Fab. I know not what to resolve.

Ped. Permit me to inform you, gentle Sir, I feel
another very strong internal struggle, at this very mo-
ment, between my poverty and my pride.

D. Fab. What next?

Ped. Knowing your generosity, my poverty would
fain persuade me to accept the purse you are going to
present me; but my pride, dreading to be thought sel-
fish, is treating my poor poverty with that contempt
with which pride always treats poverty.

D. Fab. Here, sirrah, here is money for you; but ob-
serve, if I find you have been imposing upon me—

Ped. I understand the conditions, Sir, and my shoul-
ders shall be forth coming—They are offensive.

D. Fab. Cruel, unjust Isabel!

S O N G.

The wayward tongue, fond Love repelling,

The frown-fraught brow, the scorn-taught eye,

Can these, which jealous fraud imply,

In such an angel form find dwelling?

Yes! these extremes of contrast dwell

In thee, too lovely Isabel!

11.

Can taunts, and scoffs, and wild caprices,
Sully those lips, by Venus giv'n,
The lover's fancied, hop'd for heaven
Of sweets, and smiles, and balmy kisses?
Yes! such extremes of contrast dwell
In thee, too lovely Habel!

[Exit.

Ped There he goes—the direct road to her house,
determining all the way he won't go near her.—Really,
Mr. Cupid, you are a droll little fellow.

S O N G.

Cupid, fure, of cunning knaves,
Is the chief, sir!
All his subjects are but slaves,
To their grief, sir,
A slippery, frippery, foolish band;
For whim, and gold,
Bought and sold;
By this mad, blind, boy trepann'd,
In his pound,
When they're found,
Why then—fa, la, la, la,
Oh, the thief, sir!

11.

Did you see him huff and ding,
When he's sullen!
Whimper, caper, curse, and sing,
Talk of killing!
Whistle, nestle, come and go;
Fume and fret,
His will to get;
Meaning yes, and answering no;
Till, at last,
The frolic past,
Why then—fa, la, la, la,
Oh, the villain!

111. When

THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

III.

When a maid is young and coy,
And the lover
Symptoms of a bashful boy
Should discover ;
He'll loiter, titter, hide, and seek ;
Nudge, and dodge,
And rap, and tap ;
If pursu'd, will squeal, and squeak :
But if the boy
Prove too coy,
Why then—fa, la, la, la,
Oh, the rover !

IV.

When a youth is warm and bold,
Strong, unruly,
And the maiden fair, but cold,
Then why, truly,
Swearing, tearing, fighting, dying,
Silly, lad,
Sullen, mad,
Wearied with so much denying,
Death's the word!
Draws his sword,
But then—fa, la, la, la,
Oh! the bully!

V.

" All his antics pray relate,
 " They who can, sir :
 " Young and old and small and great
 To trepan, sir !
 " How he'll juggle, jeer, cajole,
 " Plague and please,
 " Entice and teize,
 " 'Till they're under his controul,
 " How his speech
 " Will men bewitch,
 " And then—Fa, la, la, la,
 " The Necromancer !"

[Exit.]

SCÈNE

SCENE *changes to the house of Don Salvador.*

Enter Fernando and Pedro.

Ped. Be under no apprehension, sir; love will reconcile Don Fabricio, and Donna Isabel: we may still find some means of gaining Don Salvador's consent; and as for Don Pimiento, I believe the greatest Philosopher living could not have passed upon him better.

D. Fer. But is it not strange I have not received any answer from Zelida! I begin to be upon the rack.

Ped. Jaquelina perhaps could not find any opportunity to slip out, sir.

D. Fer. (Giving a letter) Here, take this, return to Don Pimiento's, and convey it as before; but do not come away, if possible, without bringing me an answer.

Ped. Never fear, sir, you shall soon receive a good account of me—the old Don will rejoice to see me again. *[Exit.]*

Enter Don Salvador, on the opposite side.

D. Sal. Was there ever such an old fool! He's mad, there's no doubt but he is mad!

D. Fer. What's the matter, sir?

D. Sal. Matter, sir! perhaps you can tell me what's the matter, sir. Do you know any thing of any pretended Philosopher?

D. Fer. (Exceedingly alarm'd) Sir! Philosopher!

D. Sal. That old, unaccountable ape, Don Pimiento, sends me word he'll toss my Philosopher in a blanket, and cut my throat.—He has sent me a challenge, here! in direct terms!

D. Fer. A challenge, Sir!

D. Sal. But I'll cool him, I'll chastise his insolence: he shall never stick pin thro' butterfly more.

D. Fer. Why, surely sir, you won't think of fighting.

D. Sal. What! receive a challenge, and from a tottering skin of parchment, full of inflammable air! but I'll drill him, I'll make it whiz out.

D. Fer.

60 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

D. Fer. (aside) Lost and undone! Where can this Fabio be?—Don Pimiento will murder Pedro, and I am more certain of losing Zelida now than ever.

D. Sal. He pretend to send a challenge!

D. Fer. But, sir, tho' he has no more temper and understanding, I hope you will not so forget your character, station and age.

D. Sal. Sir, I want none of your advice.

D. Fer. For heaven's sake, my dear father, moderate your anger!

D. Sal. Sir, I want none of your advice.

D. Fer. Consider, sir, that my happiness depends upon the possession of Zelida.

D. Sal. Then it has a very slender dependence indeed, for she never shall be your's, she can never be your's, I being fully determined to cut her father's throat. Don't follow me; keep back. *[Exit.]*

D. Fer. Distraction! What is to be done? Fabio!

Enter Fabio.

Fab. Sir.

D. Fer. Run, instantly, and try to overtake Pedro. *(recollecting himself)* No, no; send somebody else after Pedro, and do you watch my father; he's gone with an intent to fight Don Pimiento. Think, invent some means of keeping them asunder.

Fab. Me, invent! lord, sir, I am an animal of instinct, and—

D. Fer. Don't stand prating, sir; fly, follow my father; watch him, and if you can find no other means of preventing this ridiculous duel, raise the neighbourhood—*[Exit Fabio.]*—Every thing conspires to overwhelm me with vexation and despair. Pedro detected, the breach between our fathers widened, and Fabricio's irreconcilable quarrel with his mistress.—Obstacles and mischiefs accumulate.—Oh, my Zelida! my angel! my life! either I am thine, or I am nothing!

S O N G.

Zel. Archers! Alguazils!—Mercy!—'Tis too late!—

Enter Alguazil, and four Archers.

D. Pimi. How, now, sir; who are you?

Alg. Who, am I, sir? My name is Josepho Ribeiro; and my office is that of his Majesty's Alguazil.

D. Pimi. And, pray, sir, what business have you in my house?

Alg. I come, sir, by order of the Supreme Council to inform you, that you have lost your cause with the Count de Cordova; and that you are condemn'd to pay five thousand pistoles; which, by order of the said Count, and Court, I am now come to demand immediate payment of, without hindrance, let, or, delay; or, to take your person into custody.

D. Pimi. Confusion! Damnation! Five thousand pistoles! [*At the entrance of the Alguazil, the servants, who hold Pedro, stand amazed; and Pedro, after observing what passes, with surprise, escapes.*]

It is impossible!

Alg. Sir, if you won't take my word, here's my authority. (*Shewing a writ.*)

D. Pimi. Ruin, and distraction!

Alg. My orders, sir, are precise, and strict. You know the power of the Count.

D. Pimi. I have here, indeed, too fatal a proof of it.

Alg. Therefore, sir, either, deliver me the five thousand pistoles, or, deliver your body into the keeping of these four worthy gentlemen.

D. Pimi. Five thousand pistoles is a sum not to be paid thus instantaneously.

Alg. I have told you what are my orders, sir.

D. Pimi. (*Gives him money.*) Surely, sir, you can delay a few minutes.

Alg. (*Looking at the money.*) Why, sir, as you seem a gentleman of understanding, I will do every thing in my

64 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

power to oblige you. However, sir, I can assure you, my orders are very severe.

Donna Zel. Ah! Sir, stay but till my father's friends can be informed of his misfortune, and I will for ever bless and pray for you.

D. Pimi. Don't terrify yourself, my child—Tho' my enemy be powerful and proud, he shall find I am not totally deserted.

Donna Zel. I hope not, yet doubt is dreadful.

D. Pimi. But it makes certainty more sweet.

Zel. It does! it does! [*Exeunt Don Pimiento, Alguazil and Archers; manet Zelida.*]

S O N G.

When o'er the wold, the heedless lamb

Hath, 'till the dusky twilight, stray'd;

His simple plaints cry "here I am!"

"Of night and solitude afraid."

But if, far off, his dam he hears,

Ecchoing, oft, the mournful bleat,

He runs, and stops, and hopes, and fears,

And bounds with pleasure! when they meet.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to the outside of Don Pimiento's House.

Enter Pedro from the house, frighten'd.

Oof!—I have escaped by miracle!—Oh that damn'd blanket!—Our affairs too, worse than ever!—And the devil to pay within!—Where is my unfortunate master?—I must endeavour to find him, and inform him of all his miseries.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Don Salvador looking at his watch.

I am a quarter before my time—I warrant I teach you to invite me to put on my sword and take private with you, my testy philosopher. [*Walks up to the back of the stage.*]

Enter Fabio, watching Don Salvador.

Fab. I can see by his countenance our old Don is determined to fight—I wish I could find some means to—Ha! I've a thought! If I can but succeed, it will be a master-stroke!—I'll venture. [*Retires.*]

D. Sal. [*Coming down the stage looking at his watch.*] He is willing not to come before his time; but he is right to defer his execution as long as possible.

Re-enter Fabio, sobbing and pretending to weep, not grotesquely, but as naturally as possible.

How now, sir, what is the matter with you, sir?

Fab. Oh my poor master! Poor Don Fernando!

D. Sal. What, what of him?

Fab. Dead, sir.

D. Sal. Dead!

Fab. Dying—Mortally wounded, sir—[*Sobbing.*] The sur-ur-urgeon says, sir, the sword of Don Fabricio has passed in a ri-ight line thro' the left lobe of his lungs, and that it's im-im-im-possible he can live for a quarter of an hour.

D. Sal. Where—where is he?

Fab. He li-ies with his handkerchief stuff'd in his side, and his ha-a-and over his mouth, holding in his breath, that it may-ayn't depart till you have given him your blessing.

D. Sal. Ah! where is he? where is he?

Fab. This way, sir, under the walls of the Buen Retiro Palace. [*Going, turns round and stops.*] My heart bleeds to think of the tor-or-ortures he this mo-oment endures.

D. Sal. My poor-oor-oor Fernando!

66 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

Enter Fernando.

D. Fer. Bless me, sir! What's the matter!

Fab. Avaunt, Satan—Take care, sir,—his ghost is come to haunt you. [*Don Salvador perceives the trick that has been play'd him, and his countenance changes from sorrow to anger. Fabio winks, and endeavours to make Fernando understand him.*]

D. Sal. I'll haunt you, rascal! [*Pursues Fabio.*]

Re-enter Pedro—[*Takes Fernando aside, and whispers.*

D. Fer. [*To Pedro.*] Alguazils and Archers!

Ped. Fact, I assure you, sir; they are now in the house.

D. Fer. Madness and distraction! Were there not impediments enough before to my happiness! Follow me. [*Exeunt Fernando and Pedro into the house.*]

D. Sal. [*Returning.*] I'll teach you to play your tricks upon me—[*Sees Fernando entering Pimiento's house, and calls.*] Harkye, sir! Fernando!—Fernando, I say!—Where the devil are you going, sirrah?—He won't hear—A headlong!—I'll fetch him out! I'll—[*Exit after Fernando.*]

SCENE changes to the inside of the House.

Enter Fernando and Don Salvador.

D. Fer. If you will hear what I have to say, I am certain you will not think of pursuing this quarrel further; at least not at this moment.

D. Sal. Sir, I tell you I am come with a resolution to cut his throat; and the sayings of neither you, nor Seneca, nor all the wise men that ever existed, could make the least impression on me.

D. Fer. What, sir, would you insult an enemy in distress?

D. Sal. [*With a total change of countenance*] In distress!

D. Fer.

D. Fer. Don Pimiento is now, sir, in the hands of Archers, arrested at the suit of the Count de Cordova, for five thousand pistoles.

D. Sal. How, how? Which way could Don Pimiento owe the Count de Cordova five thousand pistoles?

D. Fer. By decree of the Supreme Council, he has lost his cause. Justice was on the side of Don Pimiento, but power on the side of his adversary; and, unfortunately for Spain, power is here superior to Justice.

Enter Zelida, in tears, followed by Don Pimiento, Alguazil and Archers.

Donna Zel. (To the Alguazil) For mercy's sake, sir, do not hurry my father away thus. Wait till he can send for his friends.

Alg. We have shewn you our orders, madam.

D. Sal. (whispers Fernando, and gives him a key) Do you hear, sir? fly. [Exit Fernando hastily.]

D. Pimi. Dry your tears, Zelida, you are a good child.

D. Sal. You seem in haste, Mr. Alguazil: Where are you going to take this gentleman?

Alg. To prison, sir.

D. Pimi. Don Salvador! What, sir, are you come to insult me at such a time as this?

D. Sal. Insult you, sir? Pray, sir, when did you know me insult any gentleman in distress?—And pray, Mr. Alguazil, what is your reason for taking Don Pimiento to prison?

Alg. I am so commanded, sir, because he can't pay his debts.

D. Sal. Can't he?—but if he can't, I can, and I command you to let him remain in his own house.

Donna Zel. Sir?

D. Pimi. Don Salvador—What do you mean?

D. Sal. What do I mean!—Are not you a gentleman, and a Spaniard, Don Pimiento?

D. Pimi. Yes, I have that honor, sir.

D. Sal. Then how dare you ask me, what I mean, when I see a person of that description oppressed, and have

have the power to succour him?—What do you think I can mean?—

D. Pimi. (*Greatly moved, and taking Don Salvador by the hand.*) Don Salvador, you—you are a gentleman—a true Castilian—and I revere you—and I am sorry I quarrell'd with you—but I can't accept your favor.

D. Sal. No! Why then you are a proud—

D. Pimi. No, it is not pride; but my honor is pledg'd to Don Velasco, and the union of our children is impossible.

D. Sal. I perceive, Don Pimiento, you are determined I shall cut your throat. Do you think I come like a Usurer, with my money in one hand, and my clauses and conditions in the other, *Gent. per Cent.* in my own favor? (*Pointing to Zelida.*)

Donna Zel. Oh, sir! I shall love and revere you as long as I live.

D. Pimi. (*Greatly moved.*) Don Salvador, I am sorry I quarrell'd with you.

Donna Zel. You are the noblest, the best of men.

Alg. Well, but gentlemen—

D. Sal. Oh! what your hurry is not over yet?

Re-enter Don Fernando.

Don Fer. (*Speaks aside to Don Salvador*) Sir, the money is below.

D. Sal. (*To the Alguazil*) Please to walk down, sir, with this young gentleman, and he will see you satisfied. [*Exeunt Fernando, Alguazil, and Archers.*]

D. Sal. (*Taking Don Pimiento aside*) Now, Don Pimiento, if you think I have injured you, I am ready to give you satisfaction.

D. Pimi. Don Salvador, I feel the generous and noble manner of your proceeding. You have rescued me from the power of a malignant and, mean enemy, and, without drawing your sword, have vanquish'd me.

D. Sal. I believe, Don Pimiento, we have both been to blame. However, for my own part, I'll give you my

my promise never to dispute about things I don't understand any more, nor ever more laugh at philosophy, especially in your presence.—He that does a gentleman a pecuniary favor, and afterwards takes improper liberties with him, shews he meanly expended his money to purchase a slave, and not generously to acquire a friend.

Re-enter Fernando.

D. Fer. Joy, joy, my Zelida!—Permit me, Don Pimiento, to introduce my friends.

(Don Pimiento bows assent, and Fernando introduces Don Fabricio, and Isabel. They salute the company.)

D. Fab. Give me leave, Donna Zelida, to present this lady to you, who is now the better part of myself.—*(The ladies salute.)*

D. Pimi. Married!

D. Fab. Yes, sir. I hope you will excuse—

D. Pimi. Excuse—sir, I'll—I'll—Zelida!

Donna Zel. This is most fortunate!

Donna Isa. I will own to you, Donna Zelida, that half an hour ago, I considered you as the most dangerous person in the world, perhaps as my enemy; I shall now be proud of your friendship.

Donna Zel. Dear madam, you give me life and happiness!

D. Pimi. Here, Don Fernando, tho' there is not a better girl in all Spain, no, nor in all the universe, than my Zelida, I am certain you will deserve her.

D. Fer. *(Receives her hand and kisses it with rapture.)* I will at least endeavour to do so, sir.

D. Pimi. But, pray, give me leave to ask, young gentleman, is not that the Philosopher? *(Pointing to Pedro.)*

D. Fer. I am sorry, and ashamed—But, indeed, sir, it was a trick of the fellow's own invention.

Ped. Oh, yes, sir! don't rob me of the honour of the invention.

D. Fer. Silence, sir!

Ped. Ah! thus are men of genius treated by the Great,

79 THE CHOLERIC FATHERS:

Great, when they no longer stand in need of their assistance.

D. Pimi. And Don Salvador—

D. Sal. Knew nothing of the matter.

D. Pimi. I ask your pardon.

D. Sal. And the inquisitor! Ah, rascal! It's well I happen to be in a very good humor.—But keep out of my way, the first time thou see'st me angry.

D. Fab. The rogue play'd me a trick among the rest; but he did me a favor; and has so ready a wit that he deserves to be rewarded, as well as pardoned.

Ped. Gentlemen are so apt to forget their promises—otherwise Don Fernando is under a promise to make my fortune.

D. Fer. That must depend upon your behaviour.

Ped. Depend, depend—I observe your people in power are always exceedingly anxious to keep a man of talents in a state of dependance. They feel they have robb'd him of his birthright, and even grudge him his poor mess of potage.

D. Fer. Well, sir; you shall find a gentleman, for once, who will keep his promise—You have merit, and I should ill deserve the happiness I now enjoy, were I to let merit languish, neglected, and without its reward.

V A U D E V I L L E.

P E D R O.

To troubles, then, a truce;
With the berry berry's juice
We'll be merry merry, while we may;
For, it's very very true,
He looks very very blue,
Who died only yesterday!

Z E L I D A and I S A B E L.

Now faith and affection, united, agree;
Their efforts have worthily won us;

F E R.

A COMIC OPERA.

71

FERNANDO and ZELIDA.

And the Loves and the Graces, in concert, decree,
To shower down happiness on us.

Chorus, To troubles, &c.

DON SALVADOR.

In mirth let us vie! let the wine sparkle high!
O'er Old Time let us King it and Queen it!

DON PIMIENTO.

For while the heart glows,
And with joy overflows,
We live millions of years in a minute!

C H O R U S.

To troubles then a truce, &c.

THE END.

A COMIC OPERA

Paradise Lost

And the Power and the Glory

By the Author of 'The Pilgrims'

George T. Phipps

Don't say a word

In your letter to the Editor of the 'Pilot'

Don't say a word

For what the heart of man

And with his own hand

Writes the history of his life



THE END